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Junior Recital: Joseph Fritz, tenor

Joseph Fritz

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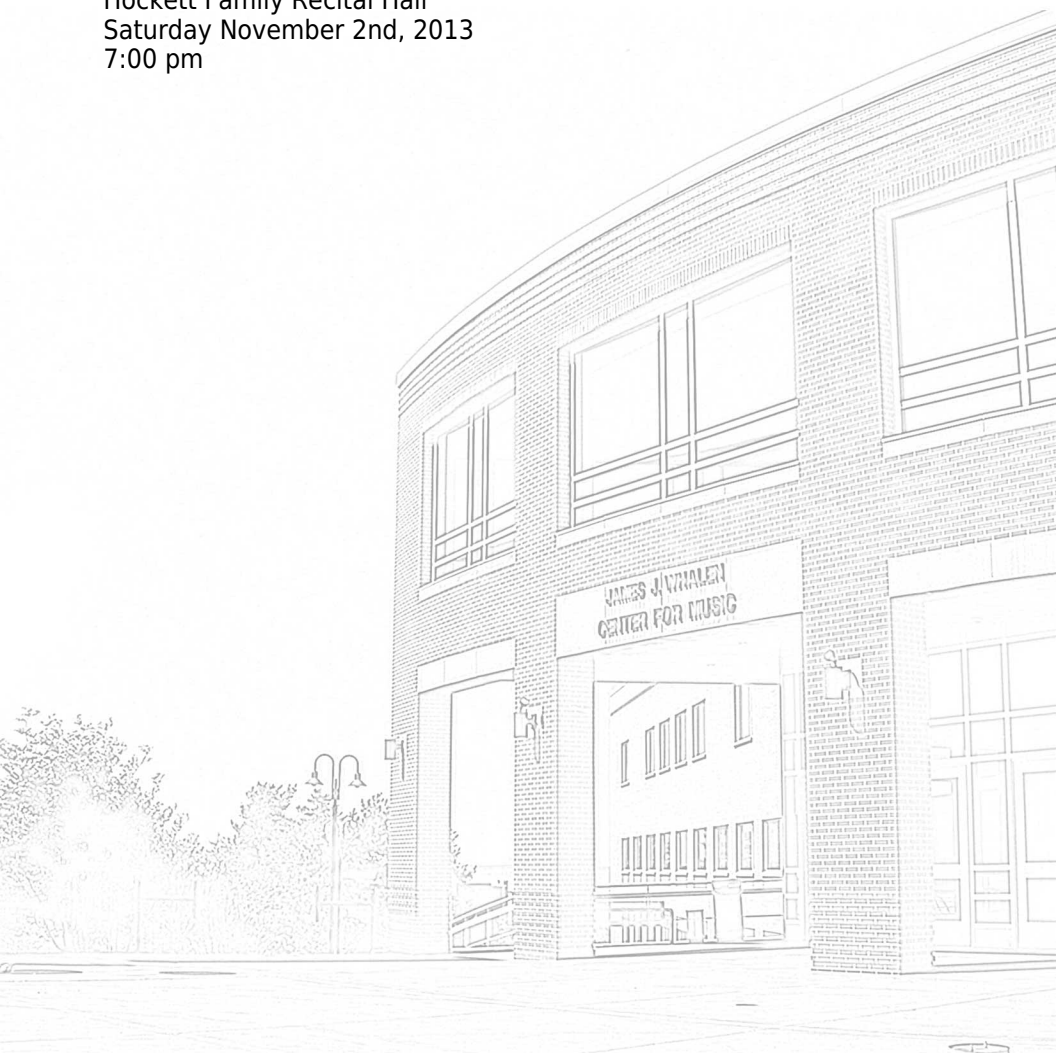
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Junior Recital: Joseph Fritz, tenor

Samantha Berry, piano
Emma Markham, guitar

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday November 2nd, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Where'er You Walk
Total Eclipse
Sound an Alarm!

George Frideric Handel
(1658-1759)

Abendlied
An den Mond
Nacht und Träume

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Nell
Extase
Chanson Triste

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Intermission

Il mio tesoro
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Folksong Arrangement: Volume 6 - "England"
Master Kilby
The Soldier and the Sailor
The Shooting of his Dear

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Emma Markham, guitar

Proud of Your Boy
from *Aladdin*
Out There
from *Hunchback of Notre Dame*

Alan Menken
(b. 1949)

Translations

Abendlied - Evening Song

Groß und rothentflammet
schwebet
noch die Sonn' am
Himmelsrand,
und auf blauen Wogen bebet
noch ihr Abglanz bis zum
Strand;
aus dem Buchenwalde hebet
sich der Mond, und winket Ruh'
seiner Schwester Erde zu.

In geschwollnen Wolken ballet
dunkler sich die rothe Gluth,
zarter Farbenwechsel wallet
auf der Roggenblüthe Fluth;

zwischen schanken Halmen
schallet,
reger wacheln heller Schlag,
und der Hirte pfeift ihm nach.

*Great and flaming red,
the sun still floats at the edge of
the sky,
and on blue waves
its reflection still trembles up to
the beach;
from the beech woods rises
the moon, inviting rest
for its Sister Earth.*

*In the swollen clouds
a red, dark glow collects,
and mellow, changing colors
play upon the rye blooming by
the waters;*

*among the swaying stems
the brisk quail call brightly
and the shepherd pipes an
answer.*

An den Mond - To the Moon

Geuß, lieber Mond,
geuß deine Silberflimmer
durch dieses Buchengrün,

wo Phantasien und
Traumgestalten
immer vor mir vorüberfliehn!

Entülle dich, das ich die Stätte
finde,
wo oft mein Mädchen saß,
und oft, im Wehn des
Buchbaums und der Linde,
der goldnen Stadt vergaß!

Enthülle dich, das ich die
Strauchs mit freue,
der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
und einen Kranz auf jeden
Anger streue,
wo sie den bach belauscht!

Dann, lieber Mond,
dann nimm den Schleier wieder,
und traur' um deinen Freund,
und weine durch den Wolkenflor
hernieder,
wie dein Verlaßner weint!

*Pour, dear moon,
pour your silver rays
down through the greenery of
beeches,
where phantasms and
dream-shapes
are always floating before me!*

*Reveal yourself, that I may find
the place
where my darling often sat,
and often forgot, in the wind of
the beech and linden trees,
the golden city!*

*Reveal yourself, that I may
enjoy the bushes
which swept coolness to her,
and that I may lay a wreath
upon that
pasture where she listened to
the brook.*

*Then, dear moon,
then take up your veil again,
and mourn your friend,
and weep through the clouds
as your abandoned one weeps!*

Nacht und Träume - Night and Dreams

Heilige Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
nieder wallen auch die Träume,
wie dein Mondlicht durch die
Räume,
durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
rufen wenn der Tag erwacht;

*Holy night, you sink down;
Dreams, too, drift down
like your moonlight through
space,
through the quiet hearts of
men.*

*They listen with delight
calling out when day awakens:*

Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

*Return, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!*

Nell

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair
soleil,
O Juin, étincelle enivrée,

Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe
dorée:
Mon coeur à ta rose est pareil.

*Your purple rose in your brilliant
sun,
Oh June, sparkles as if
intoxicated,
bend toward me too, your
golden cup:
my heart and your rose are
alike.*

Sous le mol abri de la feuille
ombreuse
monte un soupir de volupté;
*Plus d'un ramier chante au bois
écarté,*

*Under the soft shelter of shady
boughs
sounds a voluptuous sigh;
and turtle doves coo in the
spreading wood,*

O mon coeur, sa plainte
amoureuse.

*Oh my heart, their amorous
lament.*

Que ta perle est douce au ciel
enflammé,
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la
clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon coeur,
en mon coeur charmé!

*How sweet is your pearl in the
flaming sky,
star of the pensive night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
which shines in my heart,
my charmed heart!*

La chantante mer, le long du
rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,

*Avant qu'en mon coeur, chère
amour.*

*The singing sea, along the
shore,
will silence its everlasting
murmur,
'Ere in my heart, dear love,*

Ô Nell, ne fleurisse plus ton
image!

*oh Nell, your image will cease
to bloom!*

Extase - Ecstasy

Sur un lys pale mon coeur dort

D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

Mort exquise, mort parfumée

Du souffle de la bien aimée...

Sur ton sein pale mon coeur dort

D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

On a pale breast my heart is sleeping

a sleep as sweet as death...

Exquisite death, death perfumed

By the breath of the beloved...

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping

a sleep as sweet as death...

Chanson triste - A Song of Sorrow

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,

Un doux clair de lune d'été,

Et pour fuir la vie importune,

Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

In your heart moonlight slumbers,

a gentle moonlight of summer,

and to escape the life's cares,

I shall drown myself in your light.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,

Mon amour, quand tu berceras

Mon triste coeur et me pensées

Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

I shall forget past sorrows,

my love, when you cradle

my sad heart and my thoughts

in the calm loving of your arms.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,

Oh! Quelquefois sur tes genoux,

Et lui diras une ballade

Qui semblera parler de nous;

You will place my aching head,

Oh! sometimes, on your lap

and recite it as a ballad

that will seem to speak of us;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,

Dans tes yeux alors je boirai

Tant de baisers et de

tendresses

Que, peut-être je guérirai.

and from your eyes full of sorrows,

from your eyes I shall then drink

so many kisses and so much

tenderness

that, perhaps, I shall be healed.

Il mio tesoro - My Treasure

Il mio tesoro intanto andate a
consolar,
E del bel ciglio il pianto cercate
di asciugar.

Ditele che i suoi torti a vendicar
io vado...
che sol di stragi e morti nunzio
vogl'io tornar!

*Go, meanwhile, to console my
beloved,
and try to dry the tears from her
beautiful eyes.*

*Tell her that I am going off to
avenge her wrongs...
that I will come back messenger
only of ravages and deaths!*